

Harry Chapin

"All These Things"

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The touch of your lips next to mine
Gets me excited, makes me feel fine
The touch of your hand, your sweet hello
The fire inside you when you're holding me close
Your love so warm and tender
The thrill is so divine
It is all these things that make you mine
Make you mine

If you would leave, I surely would die
When you were ten minutes late
I started to cry
I've got it bad, it's all right
As long as you're here every night
Your love so warm and tender
The thrill is so divine
It is all these things, baby, that make you mine

Your love so warm and tender
The thrill is so divine
It is all these things that make you mine

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